THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPIC VIEWS
ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE.

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Biography.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE VISITOR.

GENTLEMEN,

It is generally allowed that Biography is among the moſt amuſing and inſtructive ſpecies of compoſition. Conceiving it properly conſiſtent with your plan I venture to offer the following ſketch for inſertion in your uſeful miſcellany. If it prove acceptable I will occaſionally preſent a few others for your approbation, particularly ſuch as are moſt immediately connected with the hiſtory of literature.

I am, &c.

A. B.

MARY HERBERT,

Countess of Pembroke.

This noble female author was wife of Henry, Earl of Pembroke, and lived in the reigns of queen Elizabeth and king James the 1ſt. She was alſo the ſiſter of the celebrated Sir Philip Sidney, to whom that great genius dedicated his well known romance called the Arcadia, and from whom it has been almoſt conſtantly named the counteſs of Pembroke's Arcadia. This circumſtance was of itſelf ſufficient to have entailed immortality on her memory; but her merits ſtood in need of no derived honor, being themſelves deſerving of every commendation. She was not only a lover of the Muſes, but alſo a great encourager of polite literature; a quality at that period, not very frequently met with among thoſe of her ſex. And, not contented with affording her ſanction to theſe talents in others, ſhe was careful to cultivate them, and ſet an example of their uſe in her own perſon. In the dramatic way, ſhe tranſlated one piece from the French called, Antonius, a tragedy, publiſhed in 1595. Caxeter ſays, that with the aſſiſtance of her lord's chaplain, (Doctor Gervaſe Babington, afterwards biſhop of Exeter, ſhe made an exact tranſlation of the Pſalms of David into Engliſh metre. He, however made a query as to their being ever printed; but Wood aſcribes ſuch a tranſlation to her brother, Sir Philip Sidney. and informs us that it is in manuſcript in the library of the earl of Pembroke at Wilton, curiouſly covered by this lady in crimſon velvet. Some pſalms by her are however, printed in Mr. Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ, 3vols. 12mo, 1779.

In what year ſhe was born has not been exactly traced; but ſhe was married in 1576. She died at her houſe in Aldergate ſtreet, London, September 25, 1621, and lies buried in the Cathedral Church of Saliſbury, among the graves of the Pembroke family.

I cannot cloſe the account of this moſt excellent lady, better than by tranſcribing the character given of her by Francis Oſborn, in his memoirs of the reign of king James.

"She was," ſays he, "that ſiſter of Sir Phillip Sidney, to whom he addreſſed his Arcadia, and of whom he had no other advantage than what he received from the partial benevolence of fortune in making him a man; which yet ſhe did, in ſome judgments, recompenſe in beauty, her pen being nothing ſhort of his, as I am ready to atteſt, ſo far as ſo inferior a reaſon may be taken, having ſeen incomparable letters of hers. But, leſt it ſhould ſeem to treſpaſs upon truth, which few do unſuborned (as I proteſt I am unleſs by her rhetoric) I ſhall leave the world her epitaph, in which the author doth manifeſt himſelf a poet in all things but untruth."

Underneath this ſable hearſe
Lies the ſubject of all verſe;
Sydney's ſiſter, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou kill'ſt ſuch another,
Fair and good, and learn'd as ſhe,
Time ſhall throw a dart at thee.
Marble piles let no man raiſe
To her fame,—for after days
Some kind woman, born as ſhe,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn ſtatue, and become
Both her mourner, and her tomb.

FOR THE VISITOR.

APHORISMS.

The firſt impreſſions of early life frequently give our character its leading feature, and tinge the mind with the predominant coloring of our future actions.

Deception and depravity aſſume different appearances as circumſtances vary: Sometimes they are maſked under the decent drapery of outward decorum, and on other occaſions affect all the elegant blandiſhments of the moſt inſinuating attractions.

No refinement of flattery, no intereſted homage that an adulatory croud indiſcriminately beſtows is at all comparable to one glance of approbation which real merit unconſciouſly elicits, one look of voluntary admiration paid to the ſuperiority of unaffected goodneſs.

Thoſe who ſeek opportunities of diſplaying the accompliſhments they poſſeſs will have more rivals than friends, more flatterers than admirers.

Merit is the attractive point that envy generally aims at; and though it may ſometimes reach the mark, yet it ought never to be permitted to pierce it.

Ingratitude is of ſo baſe a ſtamp that it will aim, with all the gaiety of wit, the poiſonous ſhaft of detraction againſt the reputation of its moſt liberal benefactor.

Men are ſometimes cenſured for imprudencies while under the preſſure of unavoidable difficulties; but when once it is a faſhion to condemn characters in the groſs, few are willing to diſtinguiſh between the impulſes of neceſſity and the inclinations of the heart.

Let us charitably ſuppoſe that the idle ſpirit of detraction which governs the maſs of ſociety proceeds more from unoccupied ignorance and loquacious vanity than from premeditated malice.

There are no endowments either perſonal or mental in a female character that can compenſate for a want of attention to domeſtic duties, and a diſregard of thoſe proprieties which are conſiſtent with her ſituation.

We look in vain within ourſelves for conſolation if we become the willing victims of our own miſfortunes; but when involved by the ſtudied deceptions of others, we can meet them with that benignity and fortitude which diſarms miſery of half its terrors.

When reaſon oppoſed to the violence of paſſion finds the iſſue of the conflict doubtful, delay is her beſt ſecurity; by rallying the force of her ſcattered powers ſhe will have little to apprehend from the oppoſition of her adverſary.

Anger and revenge are ſuch tormentors of the human breaſt that he who inherits them may juſtly be ſaid to be born unhappy. Z.

THE FURZE CUTTER.

AN EXTRACT.

THE brilliant beams of ſun-riſe gilded the verdant laves of the lime-branch that ſhaded my window; and the loud carol of the early lark, breaking my ſlumber, induced me to riſe, and purſue my journey, before the meridian heat, oppreſſing me with debility and laſſitude, ſhould oblige me to reſt.

I had taken leave of my friend the night before; and, when I deſcended to the inn-yard, I found, by the hoſtler, he had ſet off about half an hour.

The heavens never diſplayed a lovlier morning; the diamond goſſamer ſtill webbed the verdant blade, and myriads of brilliants were ſuſpended from every leaf, as I ſtrolled to the remarkable churchyard, ſituated on the ſummit of a cliff that overtops the town, and commands a beautiful extenſive proſpect.

Here I wandered over the lowly region of oblivion, marking the mementos of virtue, traced by the pencils of truth and piety. The tears of morning dropped from the cypreſs and the yew—ſweet Nature's tribute o'er the peaceful ſhrines.

Muſing on the ſolemn ſcene, the virtues, frailties, and viciſſitudes of man, my attention was rouſed by two advancing objects; the one an old man of majeſtic mein, though in tattered guiſe, with a large bundle of furze pendant at his back; the other, a fine girl, with a broken pitcher, habited only in a blue wollen petticoat, a leather boddice, and a dowlaſs chemiſe of dazzling whiteneſs, that was rivalled only by the ſnowy contraſt of her boſom, where the dew ſparkling leaves of a wild roſe ſhed its luxurious ſweets.

As they drew nearer, the uncultured beauty of her form transfixed me. I gazed with admiration: the ſymmetry of her poliſhed falling ſhoulders—her well ſhaped arm, ſcarce ſun-tinged, though inured to labour, and innumerable gloſſy ringlets, waving with the morning breeze, in every direction, over a lively, animated countenance, rendered her a Venus in ruſtic guiſe.

The pitcher was filled with milk, apparently heavy, for ſhe was obliged to ſupport it with both hands,; and when ſhe came to the ſtile, cloſe by me, ſet it down to reſt; while the old man, diſemburthened his ſhoulder, and, taking his ſeat upon it, began wiping the dew of labour from his wrinkled brow with the corner of a ragged blue handkerchief that hung round his ſun burnt neck: his hair and beard were blanched by Nature's froſt; yet the lingering roſe ſtill ſhed its bloom, in ſpite of morphewed furrows.

He looked earneſtly at me, and took off his hat, in token of civility, while the charming girl dropped me a ruſtic curtſey.

Trudge, ſeeing the pitcher placed upon the turf, for the firſt time forgot his manners; and being, as I preſume, very droughty, was on the point of emerging his noſe, had I not corrected him.

"Poor fellow," ſaid the good old veteran, "he's dry: Ellen, lead him to the rivulet yonder; he muſt not ſteal your breakfaſt."

Ellen obeyed; ſhe patted Trudge's gloſſy coat, and, delighted with her carreſſes, he made no ceremony of following her,

"Your daughter is very kind," ſaid I, "to give herſelf ſo much trouble"

"Daughter!" replied he; "bleſs your honour, I'm her grandfather: why, I be ſeventy-ſix, pleaſe God, next Lammas as ever comes, and Ellen's only ſixteen. Poor heart! ſhe's a fatherleſs and motherleſs child, but ſhe's as good as bread; and, ever ſince her grandmother died, ſhe's been meat, drink, and clothes to me; and there's nothing grieves me, but the thoughts of leaving her unprotected in a wicked world."

Here a tear ſtole down his cheek, and trickled on to his blue handkerchief, juſt as Ellen and the dog returned.

"The poor little *ſoul* was very dry, indeed," ſaid the ſweet girl, ſhewing me a bewitching dimple as ſhe ſmiled.

"Do you live far off?" aſked I.

"Only a mile and half," replied the old man: "I have a neat little bit of a hut in a green lane, where we live *through happy*, as I may ſay; and what with hay-making and furze cutting, and 'tending a few ſheep ſometimes, we earn our living; for Ellen picks hops, and goes a gleaning in the ſummer, and gathers wood and muſhrooms in the winter-time, and 'tends Madam's turkies at ſixpence a day, at the great houſe, yonder; and there, too, we get as many '*tatoes*, and turnips, and cabbages, as we want, and ſkim milk for fetching; and that's a main help, theſe hard times. Nobody more healthy, your honour, than we; and yet we *arn't* taſted a bit of meat *ſen* the great folks at the manor killed a ſheep laſt Chriſtmas, and then we came in for the *head* and the *pluck*, and a rare treat we had. Lauk, your honour, if you had but ſeen and heard how our villagers run on laſt winter about the ſoup, it would have made your heart as hard as flint; for, you ſee, the gentry *ſuſcribed* for we poor, and ſold us ſoup at a penny a quart, and as good it was as any lord in the land need eat; but, however, they took it in their heads it was not wholeſome; and there they'd laugh and jeer, and ſay it was made of *jack-aſſes' hooſs* and *ears*. One ſaid, they'd got a piece of his *tail*, and others the *paw* of a *ſtewed cat*. Oh! it was a burning ſhame to be ſo ungrateful!—and now, your honour, God's judgment has lighted on them ever ſince, for one half be ſtarving; and who can pity them? But come, Ellen," continued he; "we muſt be jogging, my girl; we muſt go earn our dinner before we can eat it."

He aroſe, hoiſted the furze on his back, and was making an humble bow of civility, when I ſlipped a piece of gold into his hand.

He gazed on it with aſtoniſhment; raiſed his eyes to Heaven; his lips quivered with an inarticulate ſentence; and one big bright tear fell on the guinea.

"Sure," cried he, "my poor dim eyes deceive me: oh, your honour, how can your generous heart tell I deſerve ſuch a gift! Take it back—its too much: I can't rightly tell my change, and, if I was to carry it to the village, the people would make ſure I did not come honeſtly by it; for who would believe me, if I was to ſay a ſtrange gentleman, for no reaſon in the world, clapped it into my hand?"

"Tell them, then," replied I, "it was the unbiaſſed principles of thy virtuous heart that excited the admiration of that ſtranger; and declared to his feeling mind, that thou wert worthy of a richer boon than that his humble purſe was equal to ſupply."

"God's bleſſing proſper your honour," anſwered he, "for ever and ever! Ellen and I will pray for you every night, for you have made me rich indeed. Never did theſe hands graſp a guinea before; my poor old heart is in ſuch a fluſtration of joy, your honour, I can't think of half the praiſes and bleſſings I ought to ſay; and yet, dang it! I have them all at my tongue's end. Can't you help me out, Ellen?—you are a bit of a *ſcholard*. Do, child, ſay *ſummut*."

"I can't make ſpeeches, father," replied the bluſhing girl, hiding her eyes with the back of her hand; "but I can ſay the *Lord's Prayer*, if that will do."

"Ay, down on your bended knees, and bleſs and pray for ſuch an angel gentleman."

Ellen dropped at my feet; I haſtened to raiſe her. "Forbid it, Heaven!" cried I; "overpower me not, ye worthy hearts.—We part:—God preſerve you!"

The guinea was then tied up in the corner of the blue handkerchief, and, being carefully guarded by a pin, was buttoned into his boſom: a bow, a curtſey, and an abundant bleſſing, thrilled every nerve as they retired from my view, looking back twenty times, till diſtance rendered them inviſible. Oh, how I moralized—how I adored that Being who inveſted me with the power of imparting and enjoying the ſupreme felicity ariſing from a benevolent action!

ON FLATTERY.

FLATTERY is praiſe carried to exceſs. To tell a woman ſhe is handſome, is to praiſe her; to tell her one is not ſo handſome as ſhe is, is to flatter her.

This ſpecies of flattery is little obnoxious or inconvenient. What ſignifies it whether we exaggerate the beauty, talent, wit, merit or virtue, of any being, if that being be really diſtinguiſhed by talent or merit, and really handſome, witty or virtuous. All we have to fear is, that the judgment which we paſs on that perſon is much beneath his own opinion. It is very rare to find any one who does not value himſelf more than he is worth.

But flattery is often liable to real inconveniences; this is when it raiſes defects into laudable qualities, and vices into virtues. It then is falſhood. Flattery, in this caſe, is the more dangerous, as it is always ſure of ſucceſs, becauſe it ſmothers the cry of conſcience, and rids us of importunate reflections, ſuch as we cannot inveſtigate without bluſhing.

The powerful are doomed to be flattered. How can it be otherwiſe? They look upon themſelves as privileged beings, and would be diſſatisfied at not being conſidered as ſuch. Beſides this, their condition

they think obliges them to keep at a certain diſtance from other men; they vainly beſtow their confidence; they never inſpire any.

Flatterer and courtier are two ſynonimous words in every language. La Fontaine pretends we can never praiſe too much—"The gods, our miſtreſs, and our king."

The firſt may paſs; there is little danger in the ſecond; the laſt may lead to ſerious conſequences. It might perhaps have been better expreſſed: there are three kinds of people who never think they are praiſed too much—"Kings, women, and authors."

A ſlight knowledge of mankind is ſufficient to learn that the moſt certain way of obtaining their confidence and favour, is to praiſe them boldly to their face; and as it might be dangerous to be ingenuous, and that moreover nothing is to be gained by frankneſs, every one prefers becoming a flatterer.

The flatterer rarely raiſes his voice. His ſmile is gracious, his looks gentle and carreſſing: he is humble in his addreſs, inſinuating in his language, ſupple and polite in his manners. Every thing aſtoniſhes, pleaſes, and charms him in the perſon whoſe good graces he wiſhes to conciliate. He weeps or laughs with him, adopts his friendſhips and his diſlikes, approves all he does or ſays, and identifies himſelf ſo much with him, as to make his preſence a want, and his company a neceſſity.

There are flatterers by character, theſe are the ſmalleſt in number. Other flatterers are ſo from intereſt; theſe are numerous. The former addreſs themſelves indiſcriminately even to thoſe from whom they expect nothing; the latter attach themſelves ſolely to thoſe from whom they hope for riches or honors. The firſt ſee in a perſon only a fit ſubject to flatter; the ſecond only attend to the power and credit of the perſon flattered. One ſpeaks without premeditation, the other ſays nothing but what he has previouſly ſtudied. One rarely viſits antechambers; the other paſſes one third of his life in them.

It is ſaid that flattery is a poiſon; true, but a poiſon ſo ſweet that no one miſtruſts it, and no one repulſes the perſon who knows how to prepare and to offer it.

Flattery is leſs formidable to a fool, than to a wiſe man, becauſe it is ſcarcely poſſible to flatter a fool more than he flatters himſelf.

The arts are neceſſarily flatterers. A picture or a ſtatue would remain in the hands of the painter or the ſculpture, if they did not give a handſome likeneſs of the original. An architect who might be engaged to build a houſe, would find all his plans rejected were he not to ſacrifice ſimplicity, to the obligation of exhibiting in the moſt trifling details the riches and magnificence of the proprietor.

A book frequently owes its ſucceſs merely to the name of the perſon to whom it is dedicated. A celebrated engraver publiſhed a print repreſenting *Charles* I. on horſeback. *Cromwell* reigned, the print had no ſale: the artiſt ſubſtituted the protectors head for that of the king, and the print met with prodigious ſucceſs.

SINGULAR FASHIONS.

THE rage of faſhion is not confined to the female ſex in civilized life alone; it extends its fantaſtic ſway over the whole globe; and proud as our faſhionable belles may be of their refinement in dreſs, we may venture to aſſert, without fear of contradiction, that they will never ſucceed in eclipſing the inventive genius which the fair-ones in the interior of America diſplay in the diſpoſal of their attire—though it conſiſts of nothing elſe but the *ſkin* with which kind nature has furniſhed them.

No female Indian in America would be ſo indecent as to go abroad *naked*? the women in the interior of America being invariably compelled, by the tyranny of cuſtom, to appear in public completely dreſſed, which they perform by beſmearing the whole body with oil, and painting on it a great variety of figures in different colours; and travellers proteſt, that when thus arrayed they appear to a great advantage at a diſtance. Another article of their dreſs conſiſts of large teeth of fiſhes, ſuſpended from their ears, which hang down to the ſhoulders, the tips of them being pierced by their mothers in their earlieſt infancy, and the holes gradually extend ſo much, that a hand might paſs through. They wear rings in their noſtrils, which hang down to the upper lip, a necklace compoſed of monkies teeth, and bracelets conſiſting of ſhells; ornaments which render them objects irreſiſtably bewitching in the eyes of the young men of taſte and faſhion.

The women of a certain Indian nation in America conſider a very bulky calf to the leg as one of the greateſt perſonal charms, and in order to put their girls in poſſeſſion of this ſingular accompliſhment, the mothers faſten ſtrong rings round the legs of their female infants, below the knee, and above the ancles, which they wear all their life. Theſe rings, obſtructing the free circulation of the blood, force it to extend that part of the leg which they confine; when the calves attain a moſt aſtoniſhing ſize, which affords to theſe Indian belles a charm whoſe all-conquering power no young Indian gentlemen is able to reſiſt. The beaux of the ladies with the bulky calves wear enormous wigs made of feathers, which in ſize completely correſpond with the protuberant charms of the belles. An aſſembly of this nation, conſiſting of naked men with enormous wigs of feather, and of girls with calves of ſuch an unnatural ſize, muſt exhibit as ridiculous a ſight as a party of French ladies and gentlemen of faſhion in the 16th century, when the former wore enormous artificial poſteriors ſtuffed with horſe-hair, and the latter bellies of an aſtoniſhing ſize, conſiſting of cuſhions filled with huſks.

The Achaguas reckon it one of the moſt charming ornaments to wear large artificial whiſkers, covering one half of the face, and uniting on the chin. Theſe whiſkers are ſo durable that nothing is capable of removing them. The mother takes a fiſh's tooth as ſharp as a lancet, tattooing with it the figure of a pair of whiſkers on the lips, cheeks, and the chin of the child, and after having wiped off the blood, rubs the inciſion with a black powder, which produces the figure of a pair of whiſkers never to be effaced.

The Omaguas, a nation of the kingdom of Quito, made ſmall ſyringes of gum elaſtic, one of which is preſented to each of their gueſts when they give an entertainment. The omiſſion of this act of civility would be looked upon as a mark of an utter want of good breeding, and the application of a glyſter, in the preſence of the whole company, before they ſit down to dinner, is reckoned by them as neceſſary for the purpoſes of cleanlineſs, as the waſhing of hands on the ſame occaſion in the eaſtern countries. The ancient Romans are known to have taken a gentle emetic during dinner, in order to make room for an additional quantity of victuals, a cuſtom of which the faſhionable world at Vienna are likewiſe accuſed by ſeveral travellers, though we have great reaſon to ſuſpect that this charge is utterly unfounded, and nothing but the effect of a fooliſh deſire of ſaying ſomething new, though at the expenſe of truth.

Scientific Lectures.

ON MAGNETISM.

Experiment on Magnetic Attraction.

THIS fact may be proved by placing a magnet on one piece of cork, and a piece of ſteel on another; and floating them on water; when, both being unconfined, they will approach each other: and in holding the piece of ſteel in the hand, the magnet will approach to it with the ſame velocity as they approached to each other when both were at liberty.

It appears from the foregoing experiment, that the iron being placed near the pole of a magnet becomes poſſeſſed of a contrary power. Their mutual attraction may alſo be explained by the laws of action and re-action, which are always equal and oppoſite to each other.

Neither magnetic attraction nor repulſion is effected by an intervening body; but heat weakens the power of magnetiſm, and ſometimes deſtroys it: yet its property may be reſtored, though not its power in the ſame degree as before. May not this circumſtance ariſe from ſome of the effluvia having gone off in conſequence of heat? Iron when red hot is not attracted by the magnet; perhaps its whole affinity with that power has evaporated.

Philoſophers have in vain endeavoured to eſtimate the force with which the magnetic attraction acts at different diſtances; but as that law has not yet been aſcertained, all that we can infer from their obſervations and experiments is—that the magnetic power extends further at one time than at another, and therefore that its ſphere of action is variable.

A magnet cannot ſupport even its own weight of metal, but its power may be much increaſed by means of arming, which is thus performed:

To Arm a Magnet.

[illegible] into a parallelopipedon, and let the two poles be parallel to [illegible] armour of ſoft iron, which, having a hook attached, will ſupport great weights ſuſpended from it. The advantage gained by arming is very conſiderable, a magnet that will of itſelf ſupport four or five ounces, will when armed ſuſtain twenty times that weight. A magnet and its armour may be enclosed in any material excepting iron.

The power of a magnet may alſo be augmented without arming, by ſimply introducing another piece of iron below that it firſt ſupports; as is evident on preſenting to it a piece of iron heavier than it can ſuſtain, and afterwards holding under it another piece at a ſmall diſtance from the former, when the magnet will ſupport what before it could not lift. The cauſe of this is aſſigned by Cavallo to the laſt piece becoming magnetic, and ſo increaſing the attraction of the firſt piece, and in the following manner. The end of a piece of iron which is preſented near the north pole of a magnet becomes poſſeſſed of the ſouth, while the other extremity poſſeſſes the north polarity. Again, the ſecond piece being held near to the north pole of the firſt piece of iron, acquires a ſouth polarity. This muſt increaſe the north power of the firſt piece, when its ſouth power muſt alſo be augmented in the ſame degree, and thus it is that the magnet ſupports a greater weight by the communication. That this is the true cauſe of its increaſed power of attraction is evident by placing the ſouth pole of another magnet below the piece of iron; when the ſame effect takes place. Preſenting the north pole of a magnet to the firſt piece of iron produces a contrary effect; for it diminiſhes the power of the firſt magnet.

Experiment on the increaſing power of a Magnet.

Suſpend a magnet by a hook from ſome fixed point, and attach as much iron to it as it will ſupport together, with a ſcale, which muſt alſo be affixed: and you will find that every day you may put additional weight in the ſcale, and the magnet will ſupport it; which ſhews that its power is conſtantly increaſing.

It is ſuppoſed that the iron, becoming magnetic, increaſes the power of the magnet in the manner before deſcribed. When the iron is removed from the magnet, the power of the latter is rendered weaker than it was before the experiment was made. This illuſtrates the theory of Æpinus, that the magnetic fluid is unequally diſtributed in a magnet which has a fixed polarity, one pole being overcharged, while the other is undercharged with it: and that there is always a ſtrong attraction between theſe contrary poles, in conſequence of this unequal diſtribution of power; but when a piece of iron is preſented to either, that, by its becoming poſſeſſed of a contrary polarity to that of the magnet, the power of each end of the other is weakened by the communication, and thereby its individual power increaſed; for there is in every magnet a ſtrong attraction between its poles; but when another ſubſtance, or a magnet, is preſented to either, the effect is ſtronger by being drawn from the contrary pole. Hence we may ſuppoſe that a magnet becomes continually weaker when left alone, ſo that it is neceſſary to place it in armour, or leave a piece of ſteel or iron on its poles; becauſe at theſe points the powers are at the greateſt diſtance from each other's effects.

It is not more extraordinary than true, that the magnetic power may be acquired without the application of a magnet, and by friction may be made to communicate that power to iron or ſteel. Rubbing one piece of iron on another will produce evidences of the magnetic virtue; and even a certain poſition of either, long continued, will render that effect permanent. The famous philoſpher, Dr. Gilbert, in the ſixteenth century, obſerved that the ſmall bars of a windows which were placed obliquely to the horizon, and nearly north and ſouth, by remaining in that ſituation for many years, became magnetic. The polarity thus communicated, may be from the earth and its atmoſphere; for all the effects of magnetiſm evince that the power is derived from thoſe ſources, though the peculiar directive power cannot be traced to its primary natural cauſe. The particles of iron being univerſally diffuſed through all animated nature, as well as in all ſubſtances in the earth, may not a magnet have ſome effect on the animal economy? As this univerſal diffuſion of iron fully juſtifies the idea that the magnetic fluid is one of the elements of the earth and its atmoſphere, may we not alſo conceive the magnetic effluvia to be equally diſſeminated through the globe, in ſuch bodies as do not exhibit any evidences of its exiſtence: and that its viſible effects reſult from that equilibrium being deſtroyed.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SAGACITY OF DOGS.

Naturaliſts have uſually aſſigned the gift of ſuperior intelligence, among brute creatures, to the horſe, the elephant, and the dog; but without diſparagement to the noble indications and wonderful docility of the two former animals, we might juſtly give pre-eminence to the latter. The amazing ſagacity of the dog, his gratitude, his unſhaken fidelity, that acute ſenſe of blame which often betrays his faults, and that conſciouſneſs of good deſert with which he comes to claim the reward of his ſervices, are circumſtances of ſelf conviction, of thought, or intelligence, very nearly reſembling that which we obſerve in the human character.—Theſe qualities, together with his great utility for various purpoſes, have rendered him the early attendant and common favorite of man. Every anecdote therefore that tends to elucidate the nature and power of this animal, muſt be particularly intereſting to the lovers of natural hiſtory. Thoſe that follow are completely authentic, which is, perhaps, one of the firſt recommendations to anecdotes of this nature.

M. la Valee, in his journey through the Departments of France, publiſhed in 1792, gives the following curious account of the manner in which the country people, in the neighbourhood of Peronne and Doulens, had trained their dogs to elude the vigilance of the officers of the revenue. At night theſe animals were laden, each with a parcel of goods proportioned to its ſize; except one alone, who was their leader, and went without any burthen. A crack of a whip was the ſignal for them to ſet out. The leader travelled a little diſtance before the reſt; and if he perceived the traces of any ſtranger, he returned to the other dogs; theſe either took a different way, or, if the danger was preſſing, concealed themſelves behind the hedges, and lay cloſe till the patrol had paſſed. When they arrived at the habitation of their maſter's aſſociate, they hid themſelves in the neighbouring fields and hedges, while their leader went to the houſe, and ſcratched at the door, or barked, till he was admitted, when he lay quietly down, as at home: by this the ſmugler knew that the caravan was come; and, if the coaſt was clear, he went out, when he gave a loud whiſtle and the dogs came running to him from their ſeveral hiding places.

Peltier in his Annals of Paris, No. 164, for December 1798, records the following anecdote: At the beginning of the revolution a dog went daily to the parade before the palace of the Thuilleries, thruſt himſelf between the legs of the muſicians, marched with them, halted with them, and after the parade diſappeared until the next morning; when he reſumed this occupation. The conſtant recurrence of this dog and the pleaſure he ſeemed to take in the muſic, made him a favorite with the band, who nick-named him *Parade*. One gave him food to day, another to-morrow; and he underſtood by a ſlight ſignal, and a word or two, whom he was to follow for his dinner: after which, faithful to his independence, the dog always withdrew, in ſpite of any careſſes or threats. Sometimes he went to the Opera, ſometimes to the Comedie Italienne, and ſometimes to the Theatre Feydeau in each of which houſes, he found his way to the orcheſtra, and would lie down ſilently in one corner of it until the performance was over. "I know not (ſays Peltier) whether this dog be now alive: but I know many muſicians to whom his name, his figure, and the ſingularity of his habits, are perfectly familiar."

In Petit's Campaign of Italy, under the Chief Conſul Bonaparte, publiſhed in 1800, we have the following anecdote, which places this animal in the moſt engaging light: "In traverſing the Alps over the mountain Great St. Bernard, many people periſh among the almoſt inacceſſible rocks, whoſe ſummits are covered with eternal ſnow. At the time we croſſed them, the chapel of the monaſtery of St Bernard was filled with dead bodies, which their dogs had diſcovered, ſuffocated and benumbed under the ſnow. With what emotions of pleaſure did I careſs theſe dogs, ſo uſeful to travellers! how can one ſpeak of them without being moved by their charitable inſtinct! Notwithſtanding the paucity of our eatables, there was not a French ſoldier who did not manifeſt an eagerneſs to give them ſome biſcuit, ſome bread, and even a ſhare of their meat. Morning and evening theſe dogs go out on diſcovery; and if, in the midſt of their wandering courſes, the echo of ſome unfortunate creature ready to periſh reaches their attentive ears, they run towards thoſe who call out, expreſſing their joy, and ſeem to bid the ſufferer take courage, till they have been to procure

assistance; in fact they hasten back to the convent, and announce in a very discernable manner what they have seen. In that case a small basket is fastened round the dog's neck, filled with food proper for re-animating life almost exhausted; and, by following the humane messenger, an unhappy creature is thus frequently snatched from impending destruction."

The following anecdote, published in the Monthly Magazine for April, 1802, furnishes an instance, in England, of that sagacity and attachment which so justly contribute to make the dog our favourite. "Those valleys, or glens as they are called, which intersect the Grampian mountains in Scotland, are chiefly inhabited by shepherds. The pastures, over which each flock is permitted to range extend many miles in every direction. The shepherd never has a view of his whole flock at once, except when they are collected for the purpose of sale or shearing. His occupation is to make daily excursions to the different extremities of his pastures in succession; and to turn back by means of his dog, any straggiers that may be approaching the boundaries of his neighbours. In one of these excursions, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant about three years old. After traversing his pastures for sometime, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently obscure those mountains. The anxious father hastened back to find his child; but unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours amongst the morasses and cataracts, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist; and, by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of his valley, and was now within a short distance of his cottage.—To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return to his cottage, having both lost his child and his faithful dog, which had attended him for years.—Next morning, by day-break, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbours, set out in search of his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was compelled by the approach of night to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog, which he had lost the day before, had been at home, and on receiving his usual allowance, of oat-cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days, the shepherd renewed the search for his child, and still, on returning home at evening disappointed to his cottage, he found that the dog had been at home, and on receiving his usual allowance of oat-cake had instantly disappeared.—Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day; and when the dog as usual departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of his strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract, almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of prodigious depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appals the travellers that frequent the Grampian mountains: and indicates that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of nature. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents, the dog began without hesitation, to make his way, and at last disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was nearly upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but on entering the cave, what were his emotions, when he beheld his infant eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacence! From the situation in which the child was found it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave; which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot; and afterwards prevented him from starving by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for its food and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage."

MAXIM.---A peevish temper quarrels with the blessings it discovers, with its friend, with itself---and defeats the labours of Providence for its satisfaction.

ACCOUNT OF THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA,

Translated from a Latin leter, written by Father Storpe a German missionary.

THE most celebrated of the caravans is that which goes every year from Damascus, or Aleppo, to the tomb of Mahomet. It generally sets forward in July, about which time shoals of Pilgrims arrive from Persia, the Mogul's territories, Tartary, and from all parts of countries where Mahometanism is professed.

Some days before the caravan sets out, the pilgrims make a general procession, called the procession of Mahomet, in order, as they say, to obtain a happy journey, through the prophet's intercession. Those most distinguished by birth or riches, appear in the first battle, mounted on horses superbly caparisoned, and followed by slaves leading horses and camels, covered with costly ornaments.

The pilgrims, called "the issue of the race of Mahomet," begin the march clothed in long robes, with green bonnets on their heads; they walk four in a rank, and are followed by several musicians, after which come the camels with two kettle drums in their front, and many trumpets, the noise of which inspire these creatures with a kind of fierce air.

Next to these come on horseback the other pilgrims, six in rank, followed by carriages full of children, which their parents intend to present to the prophet. These are surrounded with crowds of singers, who, at the same time, use a thousand extravagant gestures.

Then succeeded two hundred cavaliers, clothed in bear skins. They have the management of small pieces of cannon mounted on their carriages, which they discharge every hour. These cannon are escorted by another company, who wear tiger skins, in the form of cuirasses. Their long mustachoes, tartar bonnets, and huge scymetars, give them a warlike appearance.

Before the Mufti, walk four hundred men clothed in green, with yellow miters on their heads. He is accompanied by the doctors of the law, and an abundance of singers. Mahomet's standard is carried immediately behind him, made of green satin, embroidered with gold. It is guarded by twelve horsemen in coats of mail, with silver maces in their hands, accompanied with trumpets, and men who strive continually in concert on plates of silver.

Next follows the pavilion to be presented before the tomb of Mahomet, borne by three camels, adorned with green feathers and plates of silver. It is of crimson velvet embroidered with gold, and set with jewels of all colours.

Lastly, the Bathaw of Jerusalem, preceded by drums, trumpets, and other instruments, brings up the rear.

The procession being ended, every pilgrim thinks of nothing but his departure for Mecca; which city is the Arabic Felix, on the river Eda, two or three days journey from the Red Sea. In their progress they pray frequently every day, always with their faces turned to that city, on which they bestow the epithet of magnificent.

The Grand Mosque is in the middle of the city; they pretend it is situated on the very spot on which Abraham built his first dwelling house. They call it "the square house," believing from tradition that the patriarch's mansion was of that figure. Near it is a kind of chapel, which encloses a well, much celebrated throughout the East. They say that the water of that well flows from a spring which God discovered to Agat and Ismæl, when being expelled by Abraham from his house; they were forced to retire into Arabia.

Mahomet took the advantage of this well to render the city of his nativity respected by all his followers. He declared that the water of it had the virtue not only of curing all bodily diseases, but also of purifying souls stained with the blackest crimes.

His resentment against his fellow-citizens of Mecca, who were for banishing him from the place of his nativity, inspired him with a resolution of being revenged upon them. He declared that Medina should be his city, and the seat of empire for him and his successors. He ordered that his sepulchre should be built there, and accordingly his coffin rests in the great mosque called Kiabi. It is surrounded by a kind of tower, being supported by three marble pillars, and covered with a pavilion of the richest stuff, embroidered with gold, and surrounded with a multitude of lamps continually burning. The walls of this tower are covered with plates of silver.

To this tomb the caravans come to pay their homage. That which brings the presents from the Grand Seignor, no sooner arrives, than the dervises who have the care of the mosque appear to receive them. The pilgrims make the whole edifice resound with their shouts of joy,

and ſongs in honour of their prophet; after which there is nothing but feaſting and open rejoicing, till the departure of the caravan.

The day of departing the pilgrims aſſemble again, and ſet out, ſinging ſome verſes of the Alcoran with a loud voice. Every one thinks it an honour to ſupply them with proviſions for the whole journey. And they are ſure upon their return to meet the congratulations of all the towns from whence they ſet out. They are honoured every where, and from that time they begin to enter into the poſſeſſion of all privileges which their religion grants to thoſe who go to viſit the prophet's tomb. Their pilgrimage ſcreens them from all purſuits on former delinquencies, and if criminals, render them perfectly guiltleſs.

Not only the pilgrims enjoy ſuch ſingular privileges, but alſo the camels which have had the honour to bear preſents to Mecca and Medina, are not to be treated afterwards like common animals; they are conſidered as conſecrated to Mahomet, which exempts them from all labour and ſervice. They have cottages built for their abodes, where they live at eaſe, are well fed and taken care of.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

The dazzling rays of beauty may aſſiſt us like a charm; but if they have nothing to ſupport them, their effects, like thoſe of a fairy tale, will ſoon vaniſh.—And when this deluſive facination ſlips from before our eyes, we ſhall find that we have been caught by a thing as light as air, without one ſingle quality to fill the capacities of a ſenſible and liberal mind; for as beauty decays, the image it impreſſeſs wears out. True love is always diſintereſted, always conſtant.—Thoſe whoſe fortunes are nearly equal have the beſt chance for happineſs. But, unfortunately, in this age, few purſue it in matrimonial connexions; and Plutus carries more to Hymen's temple than Cupid.

Humorous.

THE JACKDAWS.

Tom Moor, the linen draper, of Fleet ſtreet, ſtanding at his door one day a countryman came up to him with a neſt of Jackdaws, and accoſting him, ſays, "Meaſter, wool ye buoy a neſt of daws?" "No I dont want any?" "Meaſter, replied the man, I'll ſell'em all cheap; you ſhall have the whole neſt for noinpence." "I dont want'em, (anſwered Tom Moor) ſo go about your buſineſs." As the man was walking away, one of the daws popt up his head, and cried, "Mauk Mauk," "Damn it, (ſays Tom Moor) the bird knows my name. Halloo, countryman, what will you take for that bird?" "Whoy, you ſhall have him for three-pence" Tom Moor bought him, had a cage made, and hung it up in the ſhop. The journeymen took much notice of the bird, and would frequently tap at the bottom of the cage and ſay, "Who are you? who are you?" and immediately reply, "Tom Moor of Fleet ſtreet." In a ſhort time the Jackdaw ſoon learnt theſe words; and, if he wanted victuals or water, would ſtrike his bill againſt the cage, turn up the white of his eye, cock his head, and cry, "Who are you? who are you?—Tom Moor of Fleet ſtreet, Tom Moor of Fleet ſtreet." Tom Moor was fond of gaming, and often loſt large ſums of money. Finding his buſineſs neglected in his abſence, he had a ſmall hazard table ſet up in one corner of his dining-room, and invited a party of his friends to play at it. The Jackdaw had by this time become familiar, his cage was left open, and he hopt into every part of the houſe; ſometimes he got into the dining room, where the gentlemen were at play. One of them being a conſtant winner, the others would ſay, "Damn it, how he nicks'em!" The bird learnt theſe words alſo, and adding them to the former, would call, "Who are you? who are you?—Tom Moor of Fleet ſtreet, Tom Moor of Fleet ſtreet. Damn it, how he nicks'em!" Tom Moor from repeated loſſes and neglect of buſineſs, failed in trade, and became a priſoner in the Fleet. He took his bird with him, and lived on the maſter's ſide ſupported by his friends in a decent manner. They would ſometimes aſk "What brought you here?" When he uſed to lift up his hands and anſwer, "bad company by G.—" The bird learnt this likewiſe, and at the end of the former words would ſay, "what brought you here?" and (to imitate his maſter) lift up his pinions, and cry, "bad company, by G—." Some of Tom Moor's friends died, others went abroad: and by degrees he was totally deſerted, and removed to the common ſide of the priſon where the diſtemper had broke out.—He caught it: and in the laſt ſtage of life, lying on a ſtraw bed, the poor bird (who had been two day without feed or water) came to his feet, and, ſtriking his bill on the floor called, "Who are you? who are you?—Tom Moor of Fleet ſtreet Tom Moor of Fleet ſtreet.—Damn it how he nicks'em! damn it how he nicks'em! What brought you here? What brought you here? Bad company, by G—." bad company by G—." Tom Moor, who attended to the bird, was ſtruck with theſe words, and, reflecting on himſelf, cried out, "good God! to what a wretched ſituation am I reduced! My father when he died, left me a good fortune, and an eſtabliſhed trade, I ſpent my fortune, ruined my buſineſs, and am now dying in a loathſome goal, and, to complete all, keeping that poor thing confined without any ſupport. I'll endeavour to do one piece of juſtice before I die, by ſetting him at liberty." He made ſhift to crawl from his ſtraw bed, opened the caſement, and out the bird flew. A flight of Jackdaws from the temple was going over the gaol, and Tom Moor's bird mixed amongſt them. The gardeners were then laying the plats of the temple gardens and as often as he placed them in the day, the Jackdaws pulled them up by night. They got a gun, and attempted to ſhoot ſome of them; but, being cunning birds they always placed one of them as a watch in the ſtump of a hollow tree; who as ſoon as the gun was levelled, cried. "Mauk Mauk," and away they all flew; ſo that the man could never ſhoot one of them. The gardeners were adviſed to get a net; and the firſt night it was ſpread they caught fifteen. Tom Moor's bird was among them. One of the men took them into the garret of an uninhabited houſe, faſtened the doors and windows, and turned the birds looſe. "Now (ſays he) you black raſcals, I'll be revenged on you." Taking hold of the firſt at hand he twiſts his neck, and (throwing him down) cries, "there goes one." Tom Moor's bird, who had hopt upon a beam in the corner of the room unobſerved, as the man laid hold of the ſecond calls, "damn it how he nicks'em!" The man alarmed, cries, "Sure I heard a voice; but the houſe is uninhabited and the door faſt; it could only be imagination." On laying hold of a third and twiſting his neck, Tom Moor's bird again ſays, "Damn it how he nicks'em!" The man dropt the bird he had in his hand, and turning towards where the voice came from, obſerved the other with his mouth open, and calls out, "Who are you?" to which the bird anſwered, "Tom Moor of Fleet ſtreet, Tom Moor of Fleet ſtreet. "The devil, you are! and what brought you here?" Tom Moor's bird lifting up his pinions, anſwered, "Bad company by G—. Bad company, by G—." The fellow was frightened almoſt out of his wits, opened the door, ran down ſtairs, and out of the houſe followed by the birds, who by this means ſaved their lives, and gained their liberty.

(From the Philadelphia Tickler.)

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Or, the diſappointments of an evening.

A few days ſince, Mr. *M'Kenzie* and ſome gentlemen, his friends, after paſſing a very agreeable morning at *Wilmot* farm, ſet out to enjoy the pleaſures of ſhooting.

It was propoſed by one of the party, that they ſhould go into the the neighbouring fields of a *Miller*, and pop over a rabbit or two—this was objected to by another who alledged that by an act paſſed in the adminiſtration of preſident *Jefferſon*, it was felony to enter an enclоſure for that purpoſe: but ſaid he, if you will accompany me yonder (pointing to a hill which raiſed like a *Cone* at a little diſtance) we ſhall have fine ſporting among the *Robbins*.

This propoſal meeting univerſal approbation, they bent their courſe toward the hill, but unfortunately in going through a *Wood* which they had to *Croſs*, they became ſo entangled in the *Briers*, that they were quite at a loſs which way to turn. While they were in this dilemma, they heard an animal *Bray* very loud, and following the ſound, ſoon found themſelves at the door of the ale-houſe under a

Green hedge, kept by old *Jacobs*. Vexed, fatigued and diſappointed in they went and requeſted refreſhment—the old man ſhook them cordially by the hand, and diſpatched *Francis* to the cellar for a tankard of brown ſtout. In a few moments the boy returned with a moſt rueful countenance, and related the horrible diſcovery he had made. The *Cooper* in tapping the caſk that very morning, had been ſo careleſs as to leave the ſpicket open, and the whole contents were running about the cellar—this was almoſt too much to be borne—the hoſt however, had a ſpice of philoſophy in him---he ſaid but little, and from a ſide cup-board he produced ſome bottles of cider, with which his gueſts ſat down to amuſe themſelves at cards---but alas they were once more diſappointed; the old man had no cards, and they were obliged to content themſelves with the *Petit* game of *Morris*, and liſtened to the landlord's ſongs until it was ſo late they could ſcarcely *Seymour*.

ANECDOTE OF BONNIFACE.

About half a century ago, when it was more the faſhion to drink ale at Oxford than it is at preſent, a humorous fellow of punning memory eſtabliſhed an ale-houſe near the Pound and wrote over his door, 'Ale ſold by the Pound.'--As his ale was as good as his jokes, the Oxonians reſorted to his houſe in great numbers, and ſometimes ſtaid there beyond the college hours.---This was made a matter of complaint to the Vice-chancellor, who was deſired to take away his licence by one of the Proctors of the univerſity. Bonniface was ſummoned to attend and when he came into the Vice-chancellor's preſence he began hawking and ſpitting about the room; this the Chancellor obſerved, and aſked him what he meant by it?—'Pleaſe your worſhip' ſaid he, 'I am come here on purpoſe to clear myſelf.'

The Vice-chancellor imagined that he actually weighed his ale, and ſold it in that manner: he therefore ſaid to him, 'they tell me you ſell ale by the pound: is it true?' 'no and pleaſe your worſhip,' replied the wit. 'How do you then?' ſaid the Chancellor, 'Very well I thank you ſir,' replied the wit, 'how do you do?' The Chancellor laughed, and ſaid, 'get away for a raſcal? I will ſay no more to you.' The fellow departed, and croſſing the quadrangle met the Proctor who laid the information; 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'the Vice-chancellor wants to ſpeak with you,' and returned with him.---'Here, ſir,' ſaid he, 'here he is.'---'Who?' ſaid the Chancellor. 'Why ſir,' ſaid he, 'you ſent me for a raſcal, and I have brought you the greateſt that I know of.'

"Once," ſaid a quaker, in diſpute concerning the propriety of titles, "I had the honour to be in company with *an Excellency* and *an Highneſs*. His *Excellence* was the moſt *ignorant* and *brutal* of his ſpecies; and his *Highneſs* meaſured juſt four feet eight inches without his ſhoes."

FRANKLIN SOCIETY.

The power of communicating our ideas with eaſe and perſpicuity, and of acquiring a degree of rhetorical correctneſs and embelliſhment, in public debate, is certainly an accompliſhment earneſtly to be deſired, particularly among the emulative youth of our country, who aſpire to political or forenſic celebrity. An aſſociation, intended to unite the attainment of this object with an ample field for moral and political ſpeculations, has recently been formed in this city, adopting the name of that illuſtrious patron of genius, the immortal 'FRANKLIN.' Its inquiries are extended to topics of a general or particular nature. It will diſcuſs freely the fundamental principles of Rational Government, or involve the policy or expediency of a Legiſlative dictum: but the characters of *Individuals*, in public or in private life, will be held inviolably ſacred; and thoſe hoſtile prejudices which ſtill continue to inflame diſſenſion and promote political diſcord, will be carefully excluded. Under the guidance of theſe principles, conſtituting the fundamental groundwork of its future operations, the Franklin Society anticipates with confidence the attainment of its laudable objects. Its benefits, however, ought to be no leſs diffuſive than valuable, and an acquiſition of Members is ſolicited. To the Young Man of patriotic pride and literary emulation it need not be added that the frequent and judicious exerciſe of his intellectual faculties, is not leſs calculated to propitiate individual happineſs, than to refine, poliſh and enlighten the character of his country.

ONE of its MEMBERS.

MARRIAGES.

MARRIED.—At Romney, on Thurſday 25th, ult, *Mr.* Daniel O'Hara, merchant to *Miſs* Suſan Heiſkell.

———*Mr* Benjamin *Mayer*, Editor of the German Aurora, Harriſburg Paper, to *Miſs* Elizabeth Wetzel.

———In Boſton, Benjamin M. Watſon, Eſq. to Miſs Eliza Parſons, eldeſt daughter of Chief Juſtice Parſons.

———In Staunton, on the 28th June, by the Rev. *Mr.* Ring, James Stevenſon, alias Staunton, aged 100 years, to Elizabeth Cummins, aged 68; and what makes it more remarkable, is, that two of the oldeſt batchelors in the county aſſiſted in making the match.

———On Monday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Stevens after a courtſhip of *ſix hours*, Mr. Chriſtopher Neunhofler, of Ludwigſburg, Suabia, Germany, a *youth* of 60, to the blooming Miſs Betſey *Marks* of New York aged 70 years.

May heaven protect this *Tender* pair,
And crown with bliſs their hoary hair;
For never ſince the world began,
Was love ſo keen 'twixt wife and man.

While youngſters (to their ſhame 'tis ſaid)
Require *years*, to gain a maid,
This grey haired *youth*, with magic powers,
Gained his fair bride in *ſix ſhort hours*.

DEATHS.

———At Burton's Spring, in this vicinity, on Monday laſt Mr. Archibald Moore; a young man univerſally eſteemed and regretted. His corpſe was met at the ſuburbs of the town, by the Richmond Light Infantry Blues, of which he was a member, and interred with military honors.

———On Saturday Auguſt 20th, David Organ, a native of Ireland, but for many years an inhabitant of the vicinity of Peterſburg.

———On *Monday* the 14 inſt. at his ſeat in Frederick county, *Major* Thomas Baldwin, in the 63d year of his age.

———At his manſion houſe in Rock-bridge, on Sunday the 20th inſt. James Wilſon, ſen. aged 94.

———At Natchez, *Mr.* John Peyton, of *Milton*, aged 33 years.

———At Warren, Rhode Iſland, by a fit of the apoplexy, William Barton, Eſq. aged 64. At twelve he was well, at one a corpſe.

———At Providence, on Tueſday Auguſt 18th, Captain Nathaniel Packard, in the 80th year of his age; the oldeſt nautical commander in that town.

———At Walthamſtraw, England, David Barclay, in the eighty-firſt year of his age, the laſt grandſon of Robert Barclay, of Urie, who wrote the celebrated Apology for the people called Quakers.

———On the 29 *May* at Caſſel, (Weſtphalia) the celebrated Swiſs hiſtorian, Johannes Von *Muller*. In his great hiſtory of his native country, he aſſerted with ſpirit and talent, republican principles, which he however found compatible with obedience to arbitrary monarchs. He had entered ſucceſſively into the ſervice of the elector of *Mainz* and the Emperor of Germany as Librarian; of the king of Pruſſia, as Hiſtoriographer; and laſtly of king Jerome of Weſtphalia, firſt as ſecretary of ſtate, and afterwards as miniſter of publick inſtruction.

———At Vienna on the 31 May, Haydn, the celebrated muſical compoſer.

AN APPRENTICE

Will be taken at this Office; one between the ages of 13 and 16, poſſeſſing at leaſt a good Engliſh education, and an unexceptionable character.

Original Poetry.

FOR THE VISITOR.

ELEGY,

On hearing of the death of Robert Emmett, executed in Ireland for High Treason,

Ah ſay ye Bards of Erin, hapleſs land!
Why mute your Lyres when virtuous Emmett dies;
Have then your tyrants numb'd the poets hand,
And check'd the ſtrains that to his praiſe would riſe?

Is there not one will boldly ſnatch the lyre,
'And raiſe the ſong' to celebrate his name;
Muſt he unmourn'd, uneulogized expire,
Whoſe deeds are worthy of immortal fame?

How ſoftly ſweet and plaintive are his ſtrains,
His Exiled Erin breathes the poet's fire;
His laſt defence a monument remains,
What noble virtues freedom can inſpire.

Tho' life to him a thouſand charms portray'd,
And Fancy ſcenes of wedded* fondneſs drew;
What noble firmneſs to the laſt diſplay'd,
He died to virtue, and his country true.

Nor ſhalt thou, glorious Emmett, die in vain,
Thy fav'rite Erin will at laſt be free;
A thouſand heroes in her ſhades remain,
To practice precepts they have learnt from thee.

Some future Waſhington will there be ſeen,
To vict'ry leading the intrepid band,
The rays of Liberty ſhall light the ſcene,
And throw its radiance o'er thy native land.

Then ſhall th'hiſtorian, faithful to his truſt,
Record thy virtues in th' hiſtoric page;
And tho' thy form is mingled with the duſt,
Thy deeds ſhall live to charm a diſtant age.

* *Mr. Emmett was to have been married to Mr. Curran's daughter, who loſt her reason at his death.*

M. M.

ANACREONTIQUES.

Anxious ſtill with hopes and fears;
Smiling now and now in tears;
Life is but a mingled train
Of joy, and apathy, and pain.
Give the roſy bluſh of health,
Add the charms of power and wealth,
And love and pain—ſomething higher
The longing heart will ſtill deſire.
A ſomething nameleſs and unknown
Will occupy the mind alone;
Then I no longer will aſpire,
But let the ſtill conſuming fire
That burns in all unchid remain,
Nor tho' I feel it e'er complain. B.

I will not tinge my days with ſorrow,
I'll live to day nor fear tomorrow;
To day I'll love, to day I'll drink,
The dying hours the time to think.
Why fooliſh man with vain deſiring
Purſueſt thou wealth, and wealth retiring?
Go aſk yon miſer, rich and old,
What are the charms of treaſur'd gold.
Why with rankling care the hours conſume,
Haſt'ning onward to the ſilent tomb?
Deſpiſe deſpair, indulge deſire,
And fill the luſcious goblet higher.
The days which Heav'n allows are few,
Let them be to love and pleaſure true,
And poppies in your goblet ſteep,
And you'll forget to ſigh and weep. B.

LOVE AND MAY.

Supposed to have been written by Mr. Love, on his firſt ſeeing Miſs May.

"For nought but love
Can anſwer love and render bliſs ſecure."

His genial wing
Love ſpreads in ſpring
O'er all, the wiſe ones ſay,
Should it prove true,
O *Love*, that you
Inſpire ſoft love in May.

The Lawyer's life,
Of wordy ſtrife,
May others wiſhes ſway,
Such noiſy jar
Shall never mar
The joys of *Love* and *May*.

In dull repoſe
Let mopers doſe,
The tedious, taſtleſs day;
I'll give my days
To chant the praiſe
Of *Love* inſpiring *May*,

In vain the bowl
Shall tempt the ſoul
To quaff its cares away,
What toper meets
Such nectar'd ſweets
As *Love* ere finds in *May*?

With lot like this,
Of amorous bliſs,
One boon I yet ſhould pray,
My time ſhall bring
A ceaſeleſs ſpring
Of *Love* delights in *May*. OUTINOS.

WOMAN.

Since female charms, with a benignant mind,
(Thoſe ſtrong perſuaſives, when ſo ſweetly join'd)
Can ev'ry human breaſt alike ſubdue,
From the young Fopling to the hoary Jew;
The poets ſtrains with ſweeter notes inſpire,
And harmonize his paſſions with his lyre;
Relume the faculties of frozen age,
The pedant poliſh, animate the ſage;
Compel hypocricy to drop her veil,
And turn to mercy's ſide the bigots zeal;
With angel-eye the Deiſt's tongue controul,
Dart light divine into the Atheiſt's ſoul;
Make miſer's treaſures helpleſs orphan's cheer,
Stop Slander's voice, and Envy's ſecret ſneer:
Since ſuch the influence of female charms,
Such their reſiſtleſs ſway when virtue warms,
Say ye frail fair, who ſtand on vices verge,
What proſpects lure you, or what reaſons urge? Z.

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